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Our Outlook Tower.

TRADITIONAL ORTHODOXY AND RELIGION.

DR. R. F. HORTON, the well-known minister of Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, Hampstead, appeals in the *Congregational Quarterly* for a conference of Modern Free Churchmen. He says:—

"The point which wants emphasising is that there exists an intense desire for religion to-day; but the thoughtful are put off by the impossibility of reconciling the traditional orthodoxy with the knowledge which is the common property of all."

This conference cannot meet too soon, for the parts of traditional orthodoxy most insisted upon by religious fanatics are either relics of ancient heathen mythology or man-made creeds conceived in an age long outlived.

CONJURERS AND SPIRITUALISM.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, writing in the *Morning Post*, says:—

"There is an abnormal frame of mind which may be called the Conjuror's Complex or Houdinitis. It is based upon several fallacies. The first is that Spiritualism depends upon physical phenomena for its proofs, whereas the more cogent are mental. The second is that manual dexterity bears some relation to brain capacity, and enables its possessor to sit in judgment upon the Crookes's, the Wallaces, and the Lombrosos. The third is that people who were not present are better judges of an episode than those who were present. Now and again a conjurer is brought into contact with real psychic forces, and then realises his limitations. Kellar endorsed Eglinton, Bellachini endorsed Slade, and Howard Thurston endorsed Eusapia Palladino. But as a body the conjurers have not a good record in this long-drawn battle between the new knowledge and the old."

A constituent part of the Conjuror's Complex Sir Arthur has charitably not mentioned in its persistent and shameless mendacity. The Maskelynes have long publicly claimed to reproduce on the stage all the phenomena of the seance room, knowing well that all they could do was to give specious imitations of some phenomena they could not reproduce. Their attempt to provide a replica of Monck's materialised spirit was, as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace affirmed, no more like the reality "than chalk is like cheese." They know that quite well, but they continue to hoodwink the public notwithstanding that a British jury scouted their claim to an award of £1,000! We do not hear so much nowadays of Mr. William Marriott's confident bounce; and his repeated mention of a £1,000 offer for a true example of telepathy has been heard of no more since we threatened to take him at his word! We note that Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, wife of the United States Senator for Florida, recently informed the Senatorial Committee at Washington that the Houdini tricks, intended to warp its judgment, were "as different from spiritual mediumship as light is from darkness." She said she was surprised the Committee had been impressed by the demonstration of four little tricks by "their little friend at the end of the table"—meaning Houdini! In contrast with his tomfoolery she gave instances of convincing communications she had received from the other world. Her deceased father had written for her his signature in his own handwriting in the presence of Spiritualistic mediums. And she told the story of how her father in his lifetime had many years ago been given the care of an old violin for the owner's son. By means of spiritual communications she, Mrs. Fletcher, had been able to locate the son, who had been eight times round the world and out of communication with anyone in America, and had thus been able to restore to him the violin. "What is so wrong about prophecy?" she demanded; "what is so wicked about foretelling the future?" Houdini's chastened reply to this good lady and other Spiritualists was of the nature of an anti-climax. He pointed to his wife and informed the committee he had "lived with this little girl for thirty-two years." Then turning to the "little girl" he asked her, "Am I a good boy?" and she replied that he was! Whatever that might have to do with the fact that he had tried his utmost to darken the judgment

of the Committee and to secure an even harsher law against mediumship than has existed up to the present! The closing scene is thus described by an eye-witness in a personal letter to Lady Conan Doyle:—"Dr. Morrow, of Pennsylvania had risen by inspiration, and for ten minutes, standing opposite to Houdini, had given him a gripping talk on the Truth. Houdini had turned pale, and when his appointed time came he rose and in a trembling voice said, 'I want it understood that I am not attacking anyone's religion.' That was the extent of his closing argument. I had a sense that the change was something more than physical. On Saturday Representative Bloom (who was responsible for the new Bill) had a fainting spell and is now under the attention of a physician." Those who deliberately fight against the sacred Truth do not escape scot-free!

A SIGNAL OF IDENTITY.

MR. B. K. KIRBY, of Woodhall Spa, writing in *Light*, says:—

Last September there passed away a gentleman whom I knew well, and who did a great deal of pioneer work in the earlier days of the telephone. During the last nine months of his life he was paralysed, and I visited him each week.

On the last occasion I saw him—a few days before his death—he said he would like to give a signal as a method of communicating his identity to me from the other side. I proposed my initials, the letters of which are not often found together, "B. K. K." He had them printed on a large piece of paper, and fixed on the bed.

On August 1st last a remarkably good medium, to whom his spirit had been given for psychometric purposes, gave me the following message as coming from my friend:—"B. K. K." repeated twenty times or more) "Remember the signal, we see through a glass darkly, then face to face."

The medium said: "I am quite a stranger to me."

REINCARNATION IN FRANCE.

It is generally supposed that the great distinction between French and British Spiritualism is that the former includes a belief in reincarnation, whereas the latter does not. But apparently this is not universal in France. Under the heading "Reincarnation? I don't believe in it," Albin Valabregue, a leading contributor to *Revue Spirite*, writes in *L'Avenir* of the 15th of June, from which we cull the following:

If you like the idea of reincarnation you should read the book by Denis and Delanne, just published, entitled "Tu Revivras" (You will live again). Following Denis and Delanne has placed himself the apologist of this idea with warmth, tact, and literary power.

As you know, the belief in reincarnation fills a great number of Spiritualists and Theosophists with joy, gladness, excitement, delight, and enthusiasm! But all the proofs which are given for it I attribute, without a single exception, to mediumship. As reincarnation appears to me to be absurd, I reject it. And here are my reasons. First of all, my friends, you who suppose there is deception when your deceased relatives fail to respond to your call, leave behind your rocking tables and automatic pencils with tranquility and just tell yourselves that "they are reincarnated!" And when your own hour comes to leave the physical body and don the spiritual garb, do not be surprised, when you enter the astral region, and find neither father, mother, children, grandparents, nor friends. They are, of course, reincarnated! You may perhaps be taken aback to learn that this one has become a concierge at Belleville, and that that one is now a fireman at Nanterre, and that another who was an airman here has already been five years in prison for theft! Just look at your dear uncle; he is now a beggar. And your lovely daughter, she is now one of those "unfortunates" whom she used to despise, and that is how she is paying for her disdain! A charming prospect, is it not?

And by and by someone is going to arrive in the Beyond who will be sorry on your account. For, certes, you are not much of a saint, and neither were your dear departed ones innocent lambs or sheep without stain!

This reincarnation utterly destroys the poetry of Spiritualism. Spiritualism unites us to our dead, reincarnation separates us from them. It is madness; that

at least is my opinion. In the name of determinist science, in the name of the holy gospel of pardon and love, in the name of the Cross of Christ, I tell my brothers that humanity did not fall in Eden, that its liberty and responsibility is greatly limited, and that all evil comes from the resistance of matter to the Spirit. Mankind free! You insult it. Are those really free who are selfish, pleasure-loving, miserly, accursed, criminal, drunken, and neurotic? I call them slaves to be pitied, whose chains the Christ will surely loosen. It is not reincarnation that awaits them, but compensation.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

La Revue Spirite, under the heading of "A Year Ago," says:—

"The anniversary of M. Flammarion's departure is called to memory by the date of June 3. But, more than ever, we feel that it is also the date of his arrival in a happy region, where in pursuit of his life-work, and adding to his efforts of so many years on earth, the great Flammarion still serves the Truth, for which he always fought. From where he now resides this indefatigable explorer, this powerful labourer in the realm of thought, who made so many beautiful discoveries during his tenacious investigation of the Truth, adds the appropriate sequel to his exemplary life; he continues to perfect our knowledge by his collaboration with those who survive him, and who have acknowledged him as a guide during so many years."

Many French Spiritualist societies and groups have adopted Flammarion's name as a synonym for the true Light, and for the most ardent expression of Life.

THE POLICE AND THE OCCULT.

M. JULES DUBAY, writing in *La Revue Spirite*, says he has always been struck by the remarkable number of police officials who take a vivid interest in psychical matters, and who do not fear, at need, to proclaim their belief in mysterious manifestations. He has known personally many of them in France, and he has read constantly the reports of officials in other countries. He tells this among other stories:—

Some years ago M. Armand Calcaterra, now at Naples, was appointed Commissioner of Police at Sorrente. He took up his post, to which was attached a beautiful habitation for his family. From the very first nights Madame Calcaterra and her maid were alarmed by strange noises in the house, but the Commissioner attributed their fear to feminine impressionability and laughed at them. One night, however, they were all awakened out of their sleep by the noise of a crash of crockery in the dining-room. They rushed, without waiting to dress, to see what had happened, expecting to find that a tier of the sideboard had fallen with everything it supported, but they were stupefied to find everything in order, and nothing broken.

Needless to say, no one closed an eye that night, but in the morning the Commissioner tried to restore courage to his household by saying that the causes of the nocturnal phenomena were unknown but quite natural! He did not wish to leave his commodious and free abode! So the following evening, after dinner, assuming a confident and jocular manner he set himself to perform a piece of blustering bravado, in the brilliantly-lit room.

"I cried," he says, "'Spirits! spirits!—what folly to believe in such twaddle! Would you like to see me call them, and receive no response? . . . Good! Very well, Spirit, if you are there rap on the table.' And I gave a good hard knock myself on the table. But immediately a deafening blow replied to mine, right in the middle of the table. At the same time a flash of light came from the dark kitchen and radiated on the table around which we were seated, and the electric light went out.

"It is impossible to describe what followed—the cries of my wife and her maid, who had crouched beside me; the wails of the children! Finally I managed to light a candle in an effort to calm my family, but I confess the candlestick trembled in my hands. I knew fear for the first time in my life. I turned and re-turned the switch of the electric light, but without avail; it would not shine.

"Next morning I sent for an electrician to repair the damage, but the mechanic treated me as a visionary and showed me that the light was working perfectly, without the slightest derangement. Impressed by this new circumstance I determined to go to the root of the matter and told the whole story to a friend of mine, an electrical engineer, and asked him to examine my installation. After a close examination he was only able to confirm

what the workman had said; everything was in perfect order.

"All the same, some days later, I preferred to submit to the upset and expense of a removal, and I and my family cleared clean out of this inhospitable home."

M. Calcaterra is now Vice-Questeur at Naples, and is naturally well-known there; so if anyone doubts the truth of this story they need only write to him for confirmation.

FAMOUS TELEPATHIST CONVERTED.

MR. JULIUS ZANCIG, the famous thought-reader, writes in the *Banner of Light* (U.S.A.) of June 12, that he has "accepted the great truths of Spiritualism, although hitherto I have in many ways ridiculed and been sceptical of the idea."

Through the mediumship of the Rev. F. T. Hill he received a description of his first wife, Agnes, and a message from her in Danish, "We shall meet again." They were both Danes and the medium knew no Danish. Mr. Zancig says:—"These were the very words that Agnes and I had agreed upon as a means of communication were such a thing possible, and were only known to ourselves." No other person knew of this arrangement. Since then he has received other convincing proofs. In times past he has agreed with Houdini, who is a personal friend, but he now publicly apologises to the many honest workers and believers in Spiritualism for his blindness and scepticism. He has opened a hall in Philadelphia for Spiritualist meetings and has the hearty co-operation of his second wife. "From now on," he says, "I intend to spend my earnings to further the cause and in the near future will erect a suitable Temple to the memory of Agnes, where I can carry on the work for the benefit of humanity."

SPIRITUALISM'S PROFOUND INFLUENCE.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER (Lord William Cecil), presiding at the Exeter Diocesan Conference on June 2, showed some progress towards acknowledging Spiritualism's profound influence on religion.

He did not say, reports the *Morning Post*, that Christianity should use Spiritualism to prove its case. Christianity must always stand on its moral witness. He did not wish to countenance Spiritualism, but he did think that its manifestations helped us to believe in the miracles of Our Lord and in the survival after death. At the same time he hoped they would not have anything to do with mediums, or with any inquiries except from a scientific point of view. It was better to point out what a profound difference was made on the religious outlook by these discoveries.

Commander ALDWELL, R.N., a previous speaker, said "Spiritualism has electrified the spiritual world, and altered our whole outlook on life," but the Rev. G. G. Payne Cooke said, "The necromancers in the scriptures were put to death. He did not say that men like Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle should be executed, though he could not say what ought to be done to the Rev. G. Vale Owen." But why make fish of two and flesh of another? Mr. Payne Cooke admitted, however, that "Spiritualism has now a tremendous vogue." That fact is beginning to dawn in the consciousness of many others who like it not.

J. L.

THE BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.—At the recent annual conference of this Union held at Dewsbury the following new officers were appointed:—President, Miss E. Elliott, Manchester; Vice-President, Mr. G. A. Mack, Runcorn; Treasurer, Mr. C. J. Williams, London; General Secretary, Mr. G. F. Knott, Rochdale. The funds of the Union showed the total assets to be £1,852 3s. £400 had been spent on education during the year. The establishment of a college in co-operation with the S.N.U. was agreed to. During 1925 there was a net increase of thirteen Lyceums and 693 Lyceumists; sixty new Lyceums have been enrolled during the past six years. The present totals are 286 Lyceums with 16,945 members. After the conference a propaganda meeting was held in the Dewsbury Town Hall, when short addresses were given by Mr. G. F. Berry, Mr. Gush, Mr. Mack, Miss Elliott, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Kitson, Mr. Knott, and Mrs. Tims. A large congregation attended. Mr. Mack, the retiring President, said he received the impression at last year's Paris Congress that Spiritualists abroad were now ready to take up the cause of the children. Mr. Kitson's essay on their movement had been listened to with great attention. Overseas Lyceums were also reporting progress and keeping in touch with them. The education scheme was making good headway. He concluded by saying that he prayed that God and the angels would bless the Lyceum band and make it victorious.

Mrs. Besant Heralds "The World Teacher."

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, in the Queen's Hall, on Sunday, June 13, delivered the first of four lectures on "The Coming of the World Teacher, as seen by Ancient and Modern Psychology."

She said she was going to deal with certain matters of fact within her own knowledge and experience. Others could verify them for themselves; but they must be prepared to take the necessary trouble and go through the necessary study. Five times in the history of the Aryan race a Teacher had come and founded a religion. The latest time was 2,000 years ago, when the Anointed One, The Christ, appeared. There were indications in the Gospels, and it had been held by some of the wisest men in the Christian Church, that the body which he (the World Teacher) then took was that of a disciple named Jesus. The Gnostics always looked on Jesus and the Christ as two separate beings, one of whom lent, as it were, his body to this World Teacher, named The Christ. This view, ultimately denounced as unorthodox and dropped out of sight, was in the lecturer's opinion the true one.

Proceeding she said:—And I know that He is coming again, because I have heard The Christ say so. I know that He is coming to take a particular body, partly because I was told, while the body was that of a child, that it had been chosen for that special mission to the world, the addendum being made "if it grows up worthy of it, fit for it," and partly because certain things have happened which place that fact to me beyond dispute, not only in the invisible world but in the world down here. The Christ is living in a physical body, very different from ours, in a very beautiful garden in the Himalayas, looking over the plains of Northern India. Many people are able to see him there, and have heard him say he is coming to his world. The body that he uses in his secluded home is far too fine, too delicate, to be subjected to the rough and tumble life down here. So he is utilising a body which has been carefully trained in purity of life.

People in all the great religions were, she said, looking forward to the coming of such a one, although giving him different names. That expectation had its value. But when The Christ began his teaching in old Palestine he was received with indifference, ridicule and scepticism, and it might be well to get a little of all that over before he comes again. So, along with others, she was speaking

more plainly than ever before, for there was some chance that they might catch some of the insults which might otherwise fall on him when he came publicly out into the world, no longer as the disciple, but as The Master of Masters.

Was it so incredible a thing, Mrs. Besant asked, that he, who loves the world and is its greatest helper, should come again to it in its present condition, when no human wisdom seemed able to solve its problems?

"Once, through the mouth of his vehicle, on the 28th of last December, he spoke. Krishnaji was speaking—Krishnamurti as you know him—and it is evident that he was under very strong influence at the moment before he was taken possession of entirely. He had been speaking of The World Teacher. 'We are all,' he said, 'expecting him who is the example, who is the embodiment, of nobility. He will be with us soon. He is with us now. He comes to lead us all to that perfection where there is eternal happiness. He comes to lead us; and he comes to those who have not understood, to those who have suffered, who are unhappy, unenlightened; he comes to those who want, who desire, who long. I come to those who want sympathy, who want happiness, who are longing to be released, who are longing to find happiness in all things. I come to reform, and not to tear down, not to destroy but to build.'"

"These were the words that rang out above a great crowd of some 6,000 people. Some only saw a great light; some saw The Christ himself; all heard the voice. And that is one of the reasons why some of us are speaking so plainly about his coming; for that was to us, as it were, the birth of The Christ, his coming into the world, although but for a very few moments—the reporter taking the words down at the time. And we watch and wait for that increasing presence by which the body will learn to bear the stress of that mighty tenant, becoming more and more perceptible until possessed wholly by The Christ. And only then will The World Teacher be manifested therein, and those who recognise him will find the help they need."

During the delivery of this discourse, Mrs. Besant's great Theosophical audience appeared to be held under her spell, scarcely a movement or sound being perceptible during the hour occupied in its delivery. There was just one occasion when the tension was relaxed by the applause, quickly suppressed by a gesture from Mrs. Besant, which followed her disclaimer of any necessity to prove her sincerity in her belief in what she was now announcing.

"The Ghost Train" and its Ghostly Audience.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

OVER fifty years ago I read a book, highly popular in those days, called "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." It was written with a definite object, and dealt with the barbarous manner in which many unhappy people were treated in certain institutions for the insane. The work was instrumental in reforming the laws concerning the examination and control of lunatics. But its chief interest to me, as a boy, was the exercise of a faculty the author claimed for the hero of being able to "throw" his voice into various people, or objects, at will, and the novel includes several highly amusing incidents showing the bewilderment caused by this power.

As a matter of fact we know now that no one can "throw" the voice in this manner. Ventriloquism is emphatically a matter of suggestion. Attention is directed to, and concentrated on, a figure the artist uses. You hear the voice, see the mouth of the figure moving, and you imagine the voice actually issues from it. And with the artist cleverly manipulating the dummy it all seems very realistic. But in darkness ventriloquism fails altogether; no such illusion is possible. It is one of the many exploded theories critics have submitted in accounting for "the voices" at a seance.

I was strongly reminded of this book in a case recently where pseudo-psychic power was converted into a real and genuine force, and spirit voices manifested, to the astonishment of not only those in proximity to the medium, but to the medium herself.

Mrs. Blanche Cooper, the "voice" medium, who, by the nature of her work must pass much time in darkness, and rarely has opportunity of attending a place of amuse-

ment, was invited by a friend to see the play, "The Ghost Train," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. I don't know whether many of your readers have seen this play, but its popularity is evinced by crowded audiences. There is nothing whatever of the psychic element in the play, although the title suggests this. There are plenty of thrills and much fun, and it is capably played. Interest is worked up, at times, to the point of ecstasy, but the music of the "one-step" and the "fox-trot" rather destroys the air of mystery which one would imagine the author wished to create.

Mrs. Cooper and her friend were highly entertained in watching the development of the play, but to their great surprise spirit friends, taking advantage of the darkness, of the atmosphere electric with expectancy, and of the vibrations from orchestral music, constituted the visit into a seance, and manifested the "voices." The influences had no difficulty in getting through, and they actually commented on the play in perfectly clear voices. Those near Mrs. Cooper heard the voices, and looked round in indignation; "ssh-ssh-ssh" was repeatedly said by many, under the impression that some human being in the audience was responsible, but as the comments proceeded several grew restive, stood up, and did some more "hushing."

The spirits seemed greatly to enjoy the bewilderment caused, and even remarked upon the costumes the actors and actresses were wearing, one spirit observing "I never had a dress like that when I was with you!" When a thrill was due, a voice would say, "It's coming! be prepared!" and at a humorous episode, "Now that's funny!"

Mrs. Cooper and her friend were much amused at the spirits taking a hand (or is it a voice?) in the entertainment. No one could locate the voices, which would sound right, left, or overhead of the medium, and within an area of some six feet of her. Evidently our spirit friends were interested in the attempt to stage something in their "line"!

Letters to the Editor.

MRS. BESANT AND "THE WORLD TEACHER."

SIR,—In her opening lecture at the Queen's Hall on June 13, Mrs. Besant based her arguments, first on analogies and probabilities, and then on a rather dubious interpretation of Bergson's psychology. But, as she said, she could supply no *proof* that the World Teacher is about to appear in the medium of Mr. Krishnamurti. Ultimately the argument rested on her own dicta, "I know," "I have seen," "The Christ has told me," "The Christ lives in Himalaya," and so on.

Now, if The Christ, after his rising, has lived in Himalaya for well nigh 2,000 years, one would have expected some friendly reference to Him from those Mahatmas who, according to Madame Blavatsky, live there also. With the "Mahatma Letters" and the "Letters of H. P. Blavatsky" before me, I am prepared to assert that there is no indication there of Christ's presence in Tibet, and nothing but disrespect shown to the Christian religion.

On the ground of history and philosophy it is possible to come to closer grips with Mrs. Besant's assertions. She supported her case for the mediumship of Krishnamurti by quoting "the Gospel story," and the teachings of "the great sect of the Gnostics who always looked upon Jesus and Christ as two separate beings." I have answered this by anticipation in my last month's article in the *International Psychic Gazette*, and there I *proved* that only two sects—the devil-worshipping Cainites and the Cerinthians—held to the doctrine of the duality of Jesus and Christ, the tenancy of the first by the second.

If on a matter of mundane scholarship Mrs. Besant can be so careless and inaccurate, why should we trust her evidence on higher matters? For my part I reject it with confidence.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

"CAN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY BE SAVED?"

30 Nightingale Road,
Portsmouth.

DEAR SIR,—Though from the letter of your correspondent, Mr. Geo. Ballantyne, which appeared in your last issue, one gathers that he is a member of the Theosophical Society, the letter itself seems to me a violation of the spirit of Theosophy, which teaches toleration of opinions other than one's own, and the need of courtesy and consideration when one feels obliged to oppose the views of others.

To say, as he does, of those following the guidance of the leaders of the Theosophical Society at the present time—and disagreeing with his views—"their honesty can only be admitted at the expense of their intelligence," is something much less than courteous. It seems, too, to make a claim to infallible wisdom on the part of the writer. Nor can his reference to "the attempt of the leaders to force a new religion upon the Society" be regarded as even remotely approaching fairness and accuracy. His application to Bishop Leadbeater of the terms "Arch-Schemer" and "charlatan" is deplorable.

Those who have carefully followed the writings and teachings of Dr. Besant should be aware that she regards any attempt to "force" belief as a most futile action, and holds that, while mere assent can frequently be forced, belief can never be. How repeatedly has she said in effect—"For goodness sake don't pay me the false compliment of setting me up as an 'authority.' Use commonsense! If you are unable at the moment to form an opinion on a matter, reserve judgment till you can; then if the teaching commends itself to your reasoned judgment, accept it, but not otherwise. Occultism is the apotheosis of commonsense."

Your correspondent's letter is an appeal not to reason but to prejudice. We ought, apparently, to form a hostile judgment before the whole of the evidence is before us for our consideration. Are we not, speaking generally, far too ready to do that? Prejudice caused the Fellows of the Royal Society, in Crookes' day, to decline to consider his report on his investigations into Spiritualism; and public opinion of English "educated" people of that time was doubtless practically solid with the decision of the Royal Society. Still, if these learned Fellows had been able to put aside their prejudices as to what was possible and what was not, and had not considered the subject beneath their intelligence, they might have made acquaintance with many facts outside their previous experience and knowledge, and have greatly enlarged their outlook—and also for the time being have damned themselves as credulous fools, cockshies for the time-honoured well-worn abuse which fell to Crookes' lot, and to which Dr. Besant has become accustomed.

But, though the diminishing body of hardy materialists may still deny the existence of the inner planes of being

and the wonders that arise therefrom, readers of the *International Psychic Gazette* will be aware that unseen beings of various sorts, some great and good, and many who are neither, can influence us in various degrees, up to the point of taking complete possession of a physical body, sometimes with, sometimes without, the goodwill of its owner; and how clairvoyance can perceive these matters.

Is, then, your correspondent warranted in classifying as either dishonest or wanting in intelligence, those who accept the account of the leaders of the Theosophical Society that a "full-fledged Christ," to use Mr. Ballantyne's expression, is using the body of one whom He considers suitable to deliver His message to a world which is badly in need of guidance at the present time? Surely there is nothing inherently impossible in this. It is at least conceivable.

Instead of heaping scorn on the intelligence (or honesty) of those who hold this belief, would it not be better to reserve judgment for a time? Surely the advice of those much-abused leaders of the Theosophical Society is sound and sane when they tell us that it is by the quality of the message itself that the presence of the Christ must be judged by the world. If the message comes from an indwelling Christ, it should have the hall-marks of the Christ—of His wisdom, His love, and His understanding, and be something that should give the needed help and guidance to our confused and restless world of to-day.—I am, Yours, etc.,

J. A. EDWARD WREN.

RICHARD PHILLIPS' RETURN.

9 Trollope Street,
Grahamstown, S. Africa

DEAR SIR,—I think it may interest readers of the *Gazette* to know that Mr. Richard Phillips was described to us by Mrs. Lloyd, the wife of the President of the Spiritualist Union of S. Africa. We were sitting talking in the evening, during their visit, before going in to the meeting at De Villiers Street, Johannesburg, when Mrs. Lloyd suddenly remarked that an old gentleman was present. She then gave such a vivid description that we all three exclaimed that we knew him well, and that he had promised he would try to be described to us in S. Africa. As soon as she had finished he faded away.

By a strange coincidence, on the previous Sunday, I opened the Spiritualist Hymnbook when at the meeting, and saw his own hymn, "Unsought of us they found us." The services in Johannesburg are very well attended, and popular interest is evidently on the increase. The above address will always find me, if any friends in this country wish to meet me.—I am, Yours sincerely,

I. TOYE WARNER-STAPLES, F.R.A.S.

A VISION OF THE SOUL'S PASSING.

Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—Many years before I ever heard the name of Spiritualism, I had the privilege of seeing the soul or spirit of a child passing out of the body. The vision was so wonderfully beautiful that I do not feel I could ever fully express it. The child, Nellie, was about six or seven years of age, and had been a strong healthy girl until this last illness. The mother had not been very careful with her, and as I loved the child very much I helped all I could to nurse and comfort her. On the night she passed away I was with her, and it was very evident to me that she was going home. As the evening passed, and when Nellie was very quiet and peaceful, I noticed a cloudy emanation from her head moving upwards very slowly. While this was going on she was startled by a cry from her mother, and this floating something again entered her body, the child for the moment seeming to be in great distress. When again all was quiet, this emanation continued to float outwards until it assumed the form of the child's body. I only saw the form as in a mist. As it floated out of the body the small bedroom was brilliantly lit with no earthly light, and in that light there sat a spirit child, of about three years. She held in her hand a toy, like a golden trumpet, which she was offering to the dying child. Just when the floating body had almost entirely left Nellie she looked up toward this spirit child and called out "Lily! Lily!" That was the end, and the room became very dark. After a while I asked the mother who Lily was. She said, Lily was Nellie's sister, who had passed over a few years ago, and of whom Nellie had been passionately fond. After all those long years I feel that this lovely vision was given me to encourage me to develop and use my clairvoyant gift so that I might help others.—I am, faithfully yours,

MARIE STEWART.

Travelling in the Astral: Remarkable Experiences.

By GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

The following is a real and thrilling experience narrated to us eight years ago by Mrs. Osborne Leonard, who is now universally acknowledged to be one of the world's greatest mediums. It is an excellent bit of testimony to the fact that we have a spiritual as well as a physical body, and that even while here the spiritual body—sometimes known as the astral or psychic body, but really the soul—is able to function apart, when the physical body is lying dormant, temporarily bereft of its owner. Mrs. Leonard's story is given in her own vivid words. We took it down in shorthand while she spoke, and are glad thus to be able to record her ipsissima verba, from which some idea of her frank and scrupulous truthfulness and accuracy may be gathered.—Ed., I.P.G.

I GENERALLY rest in my room in the afternoons, when I have given a sitting in the morning and expect to give another later in the day. One afternoon last summer I was resting on the bed in my partly darkened room, when I felt a strange sensation of being lifted above the bed. I could not feel the bed with my physical body at all. I thought I must be going out of my physical body, and became alert and interested and a little excited, but immediately the feeling of floating in the air left me. I know now that I ought to have remained placid and not thought about what was going to happen next, but this being my first experience of the kind I began to wonder whether I might be going somewhere in my astral body—somewhere on the earth-plane or somewhere in the spirit-world. Through getting excited I became at once normal and found myself resting on the bed. I thought—"I could not feel the bed two minutes ago. I don't think I was imagining. I wonder if that will come again." For some weeks after that I always lay down in a state of expectancy and mental alertness, hoping for a repetition of the experience, but was disappointed, and I gave up hope at last of having any similar manifestation.

One afternoon, after I had stopped thinking about it, I was expecting a lady and gentleman. They had been coming regularly once a week to communicate with their son, who had been giving them wonderful evidences as to his identity and his continued acquaintance with the earthly affairs of his own people. I knew practically nothing of the father and mother beyond the fact that they came to talk with their son. They live many miles out of London and they always came alone. To prepare myself for my sitting I lay down on the top of the bed on my right side. I felt a little sleepy, but suddenly the sleepiness vanished, and gave place to a very calm feeling without any sleepiness. Then I felt a tingling sort of thrill as if a slight current of electricity were passing through my body, and I again had a sensation of not resting on the bed. I could think quite clearly, but taking a lesson from my previous disappointment I held my mind under quiet control, saying to myself that I would notice anything that happened but would not anticipate or wonder.

What happened I shall never forget; it was wonderful! I did not move consciously in any way, either limb or muscle, and my eyes were closed. I wondered how far my body might be above the bed, and by a little mental effort I opened my eyes and looked down and saw my physical body resting on the bed, while I in my astral body seemed to be resting above my physical body. To show you how clear my thoughts were, I noticed that the head of my physical body was lying on a particular nightdress case with an embroidered corner. I was surprised at seeing it there, because I was not aware of its having been changed that morning for the one I had been using. I thought, too, how funny it was that my head was resting on it, because I don't usually do that. I was pleased at myself for noticing these things.

The next thing I felt was that my astral body was getting farther away from my physical body, and I seemed to be hovering over the edge of the bed for a few seconds. Then I began to feel just a little nervous, and the thought flashed across my mind—"Shall I be able to get back easily?" That question and slight fear drew me back about a foot towards my physical body. But my interest got the better of my fear, and I thought—"Whatever happens, let me go through with it!"

The moment I so determined I became aware of my husband opening our flat door, which makes a slight noise on being opened, and speaking to someone in the hall outside. He was speaking in a low voice, so as not to disturb me. I thought—"I should like to go and see to whom he is speaking," and I don't know how it happened, but I found myself at once standing at my husband's elbow at the flat door. I was not aware of passing through the bedroom door, which is kept closed, but here I was. I looked through the open door, and saw that the man he was speaking to was from the Gas Company. What they were speaking about I did not notice, because just after I joined them (in my astral body) a maid from one of the upstairs flats passed them, and I saw my husband, without speaking to her, take a coin from his pocket and hand it to her. I thought—"That's funny! Why did he give that servant a coin?" I thought also—"I will remember that and ask him." I arranged all this methodically thus—Two things to remember: (1) the gasman, and (2) the upstairs servant.

Then I found myself again back in the bedroom without knowing how. I noticed my clarity of thinking was leaving me, making me less conscious, and I thought that was possibly because I was about to return into my physical body. So I gave myself up to it, and ceased thinking, so as to make the return easier. In a moment or two I was surprised to find my mind begin to work again, but on looking around I saw at once that I was not on my bed, nor even in my bedroom, but in some other room I had never seen before. What interested me most was, I saw that the lady and gentleman I was expecting that afternoon were in this room, talking to a gentleman I had never seen before. I heard my own name mentioned by the lady. There was quite a conversation which I could not wholly catch, but I gathered that my sitters were inviting the stranger to share their sitting that afternoon. I pulled myself up at this and thought—"I must be dreaming, because these two people would never allow anyone to join them in what they regard as a very private and sacred matter." I looked at the stranger and saw he was a man of striking personality, not of an ordinary type at all. I got the impression of his appearance well in my mind, to carry it back with me into my physical body. I thought—"I will hurry back and tell my husband at once, for it will be a good test if this gentleman should after all come with them."

I expected then I would be immediately back in my body, but instead of that I next found myself halfway down a staircase, which I at first thought was the staircase leading down to the lower floor of our flat. Before I could get time to put my thoughts in order, I became aware of singing and music that seemed to be coming from my bedroom. I was naturally very much surprised for, of course, there is no piano in my bedroom. That gave me the first indication that this could not be my bedroom; neither could it be our stairs. I looked up and saw the son of the visitors I was expecting that afternoon, standing at the top of the stairs. I knew it was their son, because at one of our sittings I had seen him clairvoyantly and described him to them.

When I looked up at him he seemed to know me too, and smiled. I said—"Hullo, Philip, who is that playing and singing in my bedroom?" I was not perfectly sure even then it was not my bedroom. He said—"It isn't your bedroom, Mrs. Leonard." I said—"Well, who is that playing and singing?" He replied—"It's Gertrude." "Gertrude," I said, "who is Gertrude?" for I knew he had no sisters. He answered—"When she was on the earth-plane she used to come every week to play and sing to us, but now she comes and does it for me."

I then went up the stairs, past Philip, into the room. The door was ajar, and I saw at once it was not my bedroom. There was a grand piano in a very dark frame, and seated at it was a young lady. I took note of her appearance exactly as I had done in the case of the strange gentleman a few moments before. But I could feel, rather than see, that both she and Philip were somehow different from the people I had seen earlier who, I knew, were on the earth-plane. They were not less tangible; they were just as real in appearance in every way; yet I felt instinctively that they were people of the spirit-world. The young lady took no notice of me. I said to Philip—"Is that Gertrude?" He said—"Yes." I went farther into the room, which was furnished as a drawing-room, and looked out of the wide window into a large garden. On the lawn were a good many chairs and a table. I mildly wondered why I was there, and why I had thought it was my bedroom.

Then I seemed again to lose my power of thinking connectedly and consciously. I cannot say how long I lost it, but probably, from the duration of the whole experience, it was only a few minutes. When I resumed consciousness I found I was back in my bedroom, lying in my astral body just over the physical body. I did not know how I got there. I began to be afraid I might not be able to get back into my physical body. My astral felt quivery, and the feeling came to me, There is going to be difficulty about it. Then I told myself—"There won't be any difficulty if you keep calm about it; you will slip back." I thought that, or made myself think it. I seemed then to slip lower and lower, yet not thinking again so connectedly as before, when suddenly I found I was resting on the bed again.

I dug my elbow into the bed and felt it solid, which made me realise I was back in the physical. I was immediately quite alert and keen in mind and body too. I remembered everything that had happened in detail. I jumped off the bed and went downstairs. My husband had just prepared tea and I found it was three o'clock, my usual time for getting up. I started at once to tell him of my experiences.

When I told him I had heard him speaking to someone at the door he said—"Oh, yes, but you may have been half asleep, and heard me even though I lowered my voice." My husband and I like to be very precise and accurate in considering any experience, and each of us tries to check the other from imagining anything which is not. I said—"Yes, I thought of that too at the time, but I want to tell you it was the gasman you were speaking to, for I saw his uniform."

Next, I told him about seeing the servant from upstairs and his giving her a coin. Then he had to give in, and admit that I must have seen him, although he certainly had not seen me. He said it *was* the gasman, and that while speaking to him he had given the girl a sixpence for some trifling service she had done two or three days before, when he did not happen to have change. He had not mentioned the matter to me. In fact, he had himself forgotten it, until he suddenly remembered on seeing the maid passing.

Then I told him of the strange gentleman I had seen with my sitters, and said I heard him invited to come with them that afternoon. My husband said—"Well, that is bound to be wrong; for you know they would never let anyone else come to their sitting; they never do." I said—"Yes, I suppose it is bound to be wrong, but I saw him so clearly." I gave my husband a detailed description of the man, and told him all about my experience with Philip and the unknown lady called Gertrude.

By this time it was 3.30, and a ring at the door-bell announced the arrival of my sitters. My husband went upstairs to let them in as usual, and a minute or two afterwards he came down looking quite excited and said—"By Jove, you were right; they have brought that gentleman you described to me!" I was amazed, and exclaimed—"They have brought a gentleman with them?" He said—"Yes, as you described him." I said—"You don't simply think it is like him, do you? Anyway, I shall see him for myself when I go up."

When I went into the room and saw the stranger he was so identically the same man as I had seen when in my astral body that I scarcely knew how to pull myself together and speak in an ordinary way to my sitters. I could not even collect myself before our sitting to tell them anything about my experience. The lady explained that this was her brother, that she had been telling him about me that afternoon, and had invited him to come with them; so she could not let me know beforehand that she was bringing him. I gave them the sitting, but immediately it was over the brother had to leave in a great hurry to catch a train.

Thereupon I told the lady and gentleman about my experiences. When I came to the part about Gertrude the lady said—"That is very wonderful, for Philip had a cousin called Gertrude who always came over once a week to play and sing to us." I went on to describe her, and the lady said—"That is an excellent description." Gertrude, she said, had passed over some six years previously, and Philip about one.

That was the best evidence for me that my experience had been a real thing and not merely a dream, because I had never known even of the existence of Gertrude, though I had known of Philip.

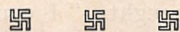
I next described the room I had seen Philip and Gertrude in, and the lady said it was exactly like their drawing-room at home, sixty miles away. It had a wide window looking straight on to the lawn, where they used often to have tea, with the chairs and a table, when Gertrude visited them. I have since been to their home, and found that the room and garden were exactly as I had seen them.

This puzzled me at the time not a little, for I thought—"I undoubtedly saw Philip and Gertrude in spirit; and how was it I had seen them in this room, which was apparently on the earth-plane." This difficulty was cleared up for me by Philip at a later sitting, when he informed me that his home in the spirit-world was simply a duplicate of the one he had left behind on the earth-plane that he had been so fond of, but of course it was composed of astral material. He told me that Gertrude still came and played and sang to him, just as she used to do, not only the old songs but new songs too.

A week or two later I again went out of my body, but this time I was not in the least nervous. I saw Philip standing close to my bed as if he were waiting to take me somewhere. I lost again the power for a few moments of conscious thinking, until I suddenly found myself standing in a most beautiful garden at the edge of a small wood. Philip and I walked along together, and he pointed out various beautiful places to me, in particular a wide stream running under a charming rustic bridge. He said to me—"This is like my home on the earth-plane. (That was before I went to see it.) This as you see it is my spirit-home, where I am waiting for my father and mother. Only these grounds are on a larger scale and more beautiful."

That was all I saw that day. A day or two afterwards I asked Philip's father and mother if what I had seen was a correct description of their home, only larger, and they said it was most decidedly so—a perfectly accurate picture. Since then I have been down to their home and stood on the rustic bridge, and I found it was exactly as I had seen it—or rather its duplicate—in the astral world, excepting that the stream did not seem quite so wide.

Perhaps I should add that Gertrude is a young married lady, and has her own home in the spirit-world. Philip has told me that he is seldom alone in his home, as his relations in the spirit-world often come to stay with him, and when they meet together they look forward to the time when his father and mother will come to join them.

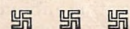


"STRIKE SUNDAY" AT GROTRIAN HALL.

By MARION J. CARPENTER.

ON "Strike Sunday" at the Grotrian Hall, during the morning service, while Miss Dorothea Walenn was playing a particularly beautiful but rather mournful melody, a clairvoyante (one of our regular members) had the following remarkable vision:—

The mournful cadence of the melody seemed to be intermingled with the wail of the strikers, when presently a huge elephant appeared, walking slowly and steadily through the crowd of men and women, but taking no notice. Following the huge animal, came a shining black horse whose rider, in a pale blue robe, seemed disturbed by the continual wailing. Though he looked from side to side, as if wishing to help, he apparently could not and passed on. Then came a radiant woman, with outstretched arms and a face full of love and pity. At her coming the wailing ceased, and the vision faded. The interpretation was given thus. The elephant signified mature wisdom, which as we know was unavailing. The shining black horse was the material intellect, and the rider in blue robes typified the Church (blue, the colour representing ecclesiastical law), and though both did their utmost to bring about peace they failed. There now remained the woman, who typifies the emerging soul-consciousness in man, and when that is fully awakened then, and then only, will man realise and understanding love find the way, to solve all social difficulties and problems for the ultimate good of all.



"LADY X" MYSTERY.—Considerable speculation has been aroused at the International Psychic Conference, which opened in Paris on June 14, concerning the identity of a mysterious woman savant who is marked on the programme as "Lady X." "Lady X" is in reality Lady Clerk, wife of Sir George Russel Clerk, British Minister to Czecho-Slovakia, who travelled from Prague to Paris in the strictest incognito to attend the conference. Lady Clerk, with a host of distinguished Spiritualists from fifty-three countries, including the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, will join in the celebration of old Druid rites in the Forest of Fontainebleau. During the conference discussions will be held on phenomena ranging from ectoplasm to alchemy and the evolution of the devil.—*Daily Express*.

Psychic Happenings in Saxon Times: From Bede's Records.—Part II.

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

PSYCHIC MIRACLES IN A CONVENT AT BERECEINGUM (BARKING).

THE City of London was in those days in the territory of the East Saxons. In A.D. 675 the good Bishop of the City was one Earconwald. This pious saint had at his own expense founded two new and afterwards famous monasteries—one for himself at Cerotaesey (Chertsey) on the Thames, and the other for his sister Ethelburg at Barking, "wherein she might be a mother and nurse of women devoted to God."

That she was favoured by celestial helpers was manifested, as Bede shows, by heavenly miracles. Shortly after the institution was opened a plague was ravaging the district, and had attacked a contiguous monastery. The careful Convent-Mother called the Sisters together and asked them to decide in what part of the grounds they should like to be buried, if the pestilence should attack them. They could not agree together, so she left the question undecided and retired for the night.

In the early hours of the next morning, when it was still dark, the nuns had repeated their matin orisons in the chapel, and had gone out to the tombs of the associated Brothers to sing songs of praise to the Lord, as was customary after the liberation of any of them from the flesh. Suddenly there came down upon them all a light from heaven like a great sheet, and struck them with such amazement that in consternation they even left off singing their hymn. But that resplendent light, in comparison wherewith the sun at noon-day might seem almost dark, was soon after its apparition observed to rise from the spot and remove itself to the south side of the building to the westward of the chapel. There it continued hovering, and then rested in the sight of all on a particular spot. After this it withdrew itself into heaven, leaving no doubts in the minds of all that it was indicating the precise spot where their bodies were to rest in the event of their call coming. The radiance of this light was so great that it was noticed by one of the older brethren, who happened at the moment to be in the adjoining chapel with a younger brother. They related next morning that the rays of light came pouring through the crannies of the doors and windows, and were judged to exceed the utmost brightness of daylight.

When the good Mother Superior, Ethelburg, herself was on the eve of being taken out of this world, a wonderful vision appeared to one of the sisters called Tortgyth, the instructress of the initiates, who had been painfully tried by a bodily affliction for many years. One night, as she was going out of her cell at dusk, she saw plainly in front of her a human body, brighter than the sun, wrapped in fine linen. It was being lifted up in the air and wafted out of the dormitory. She looked hard to discover what it was that was drawing up this radiant body, and she noticed it was being pulled up by cords of gold until it vanished in the open heavens overhead. It left the impression on her soul that someone in the community would soon die, and depart to the celestial abode of saints. And so in truth it befell, for a few days after the beloved of God, Ethelburg, their mother, was delivered out of the prison of the flesh.

There was also in the same convent a certain nun, of noble origin in this world and still nobler in the love of the world to come, who had for many years been bedridden and paralysed. When the Mother Superior's body was laid out in state in the chapel, she begged her sisters to carry her out there and lay her prostrate

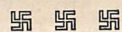
in prayer before the sainted corpse, in order that she might entreat the newly risen one to petition God for her, that she might be allowed to accompany her to heaven. Her prayer was heard. Twelve days after she was delivered from her afflictions, and departed.

The Sister Tortgyth herself grew worse, but lingered on for three years more, until she too had lost the use of her limbs and her speech. One night some nursing sisters were watching by her bedside when they saw the afflicted one suddenly open her eyes wide and gaze fixedly at some spiritual vision presented to her. Then she opened her lips and began to converse with some invisible visitor. "I am so glad you have come; welcome, dear," she said. Then she kept silence a while, as if she was listening for some answer. Then, as if somewhat displeased, she said, "I cannot possibly go on suffering like this." After a pause she said again, "If it cannot be to-day, I beg the delay may not be long. If it be certainly so determined, as you say, and the decree cannot be altered, I entreat it be no longer deferred beyond to-morrow night." The nurses asked her with whom was she talking. "With, my dear Mother Ethelburg herself," she answered. From which they understood that their departed Superior had come to acquaint her that the time of her departure was at hand. For, as she had entreated, a day and a night afterwards she was delivered from the bonds of the flesh and her infirmity, to enter into the joys of eternal salvation.

Ethelburg's successor in the office of Abbess had been moved to have the burial place of the sisters removed from the spot chosen, in order to make way for extensions. The bones of the buried sisters were taken up and transferred to vaults beneath the chapel, and that chapel became thereafter a hallowed place where heavenly lights were constantly seen after dark, and often wafts of a fragrance of wonderful sweetness arose, and numberless miraculous cures took place there, as recorded in records of the convent which Bede said he had studied.

One of these, he says, was so remarkable he cannot pass it over. A certain Thane's lady lived in the neighbourhood. She had become stricken in the eyes with a dimness which increased daily, until at last she could not see the least glimpse of light. Having continued sometime wrapped up in the night of this blindness, on a sudden she bethought herself that she might recover her sight if she were carried into the convent chapel and there prayed over the relics of the sainted sisters. She bade her maids conduct her there, and after she had long prayed earnestly on her knees she rose and suddenly before she reached the door her sight was restored by the Grace of God.

This convent at Barking seemed specially blessed with appearances of spirit lights, for on another occasion when one of the nuns had been taken ill, of some prevailing epidemic, and some of her sisters were nursing her, suddenly about midnight she cried out to them to put the lights out. The others thought her raving, and did not oblige her. At last she said calmly, "I know you think I am raving, but I tell you the truth. I am seeing this whole house filled with a light so great that your lamps seem to me altogether dim." No one replied to what she had said, or did her bidding. Then she added, "Well, burn your lamps then, if you will, but know I do not want it; for my light everlasting will come to me at dawn of day. I have seen here at my bedside the brother of God who died this year; he has told me that at break of day I shall depart to the eternal light." And as soon as the daylight appeared, she did depart.



PROPHETIC WARNINGS.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a letter to the editor of the *Occult Review* for June, comments on the present world-wide unrest, and expresses his belief "that the human race is in danger and that some great trial is coming to the world." For three years Sir Arthur has been receiving messages with that import from all parts of the world, through automatic writings, and later through the voice mediumship of Lady Doyle. Spirit messages insist that the cause lies in the almost complete divorcement of modern thought from all that is truly spiritual. The simplification of religion, the abolition of formal theology, the return to the pure teachings of Christ, and the absorption of the new revelations brought by spiritual communion are among the immediate objects to attain.

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Man's Double Constitution

FOLLOWING up our remarks of last month on "The Physiology of the Soul," when we suggested that the human soul, spirit, ego, self, conscious-subject (or whatever else we may call "the unknown basis of the mental phenomena") was possibly nothing more nor less than the living, invisible, psychical, celestial, incorruptible, immortal or spiritual body known to early Christianity, let us now attempt to make the notion somewhat more vivid, by envisaging the spiritual body as a natural fact that is coming steadily into the light of day through Psychical Research and Spiritualistic experience, and see whether it may not account for all the known qualities and attributes of the soul.

We think it will be admitted by the generality of our readers that "the ghost in man," as Tennyson called it, has emerged from being a mere superstition or hallucination, and has become a veritable objective phenomenon. It is no longer the phantom of our childhood that appeared haphazard for a few moments and vanished never to be seen again—a mere empty shell, or a delusion of some disordered brain! It has assumed bodily substance, displaying all the characteristics of a living organism, that thinks, feels, acts, and retains its past identity after the physical body dies. It is not ordinarily visible to our physical senses, but we know that it can borrow part of the substance of a medium's body for purposes of physical manifestation.

And it is not merely a body that is exchanged at death for the physical body. It is a living body co-existing with the physical body all through our life on earth. The hypnotist puts a man's physical body to sleep, calls his spiritual body into activity, sends it to a distance to view a scene, and come back with a report of what it has seen and heard many miles away. It travels, sees, hears, remembers, thinks, narrates, when the activities of the physical body are in abeyance.

We are accustomed to use vague words, like subconscious-self and subliminal-self, to explain these phenomena, but can anything that is not itself a complete and independent conscious entity do such things? The whole range of observed psychical phenomena confirm the indubitable existence of our spiritual corporeality. Why should we persist in regarding the weighty testimony of scientific investigators as merely interesting excursions into a world of phantasy and unreality? Why not frankly accept these facts as facts, and proceed to reason about them, and build up the obvious conclusions from them?

A man sits down in a dentist's chair, is put under gas, becomes unconscious, tells the dentist when he regains consciousness "I saw you pulling my teeth, and I saw three nurses come in and stand there while I was asleep." His physical eyes did not see these things. But his other eyes must have done, for no one told him, and what he says he remembers seeing is true. Is there any reasonable alternative to that of believing him? Would it really be a sign of greater wisdom to say—"Man, you are only guessing?"

Do a stream of patients in dentists' chairs become infected with a mania for true guessing?

But we do not merely depend on the dreamers' testimony to what they have seen when their physical bodies were so perfectly unconscious as to be unable to feel pain, and when they were standing watching their own teeth being drawn. Well-attested cases of seeing the "doubles" of dying persons are innumerable. We remember an utterly sceptical friend saying—"What you say reminds me that when our Jessie was at Glenview Boarding School at Melrose, there were three sisters named Leah home from India to be educated. One Sunday afternoon the girls were in the drawing-room reading. One of the Leah girls suddenly jumped up and exclaimed, 'Oh, there's Mother!' When the girls asked what she meant she said she had seen her mother pass by the window carrying a baby. Immediately there was an excited search for mother, but nowhere in house or grounds could she be found. A month later a black-edged letter arrived from India stating that the mother had died in childbirth. One of the girls kept a diary and had put down all the story of the excitement, and the time of the occurrence. When the difference in Indian and British time was taken into account it was found that as nearly as possible the mother had died at that moment."

That was no idle fiction, or merely curious coincidence. The three young girls knew nothing about their mother expecting a baby, or that their mother was at that moment dying. But when the mother felt she was going she was instantly, heart and soul, with her young daughters so many thousands of miles away. She did not merely send a thought projection, such as an artist at leisure might have constructed, or a person of great concentration and will-power might have sent. She came herself, and showed herself, probably did not know how, but she was with them.

Such facts are common. Why should even psychical scientists keep them isolated, and not deduce from them the obvious generalisation that our spiritual bodies exist, and that they can travel swift as lightning when freed from the limitations binding the physical body? They seem to enter a new dimension where time and space do not count. The drowning man can in a minute survey as in a cinematograph the events silently and unwittingly stored in his memory during a lifetime. That is not slow methodical brain-functioning. It is something more subtle and vivid than anything the ordinary conscious memory can even laboriously do. What is it that remembers? You say his sub-conscious memory; but is that some detached separate thing, only released at tragical moments like a spring, or is it not the natural working of his soul as a complete spiritual organism, which can function with or without its physical counterpart, the visible body?

We need not insist on the reality of such facts. They are well-known and are believed in even by people who would scorn to be regarded as "superstitious." But we press that they should not continue to be regarded as merely wonderful and mysterious, but rather be accepted as glimpses into the natural dual constitution of every living man. When the soul has become identified with the spiritual body, and has ceased to be regarded merely as an unknown and unknowable inhabitant of the physical body, important consequences will accrue to religious and philosophical thought, and these we shall try to indicate in our next issue.

J. L.

"The History of Spiritualism."*

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM has at last found its historian. All previous attempts to write its wonderful story, by friends and foes alike, have been inadequate and partisan, some being enthusiastic and uncritical, others prejudiced, untruthful, and blasting. Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE strikes the balance, states the facts, assesses their value, gives due weight to just criticism, and presents his account of the rise and progress of modern Spiritualism with a dignity and literary verve that will instruct and appeal to all reasonable people. No person living was better fitted to undertake the task, for as Chief Apostle of the Movement he has personally witnessed its evolution during many years of patient study and research, and by special voyages of exploration all over the world.

Sir Arthur says "there has been no time in the recorded history of the world when we do not find traces of preternatural interference and a tardy recognition of them from humanity. The only difference between these episodes and the modern movement is that the former might be described as a case of stray wanderers from some further sphere, while the latter bears the sigh of a purposeful and organised invasion."

He takes as a convenient starting point Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish philosopher, who lived 1688 to 1772, who was "the first and in many ways the greatest of the whole line of mediums." Swedenborg himself said, "The Lord daily opened the eyes of my spirit to see in perfect wakefulness what was going on in the other world, and to converse, broad-awake, with angels and spirits." It is interesting to note that his powers came to full fruition in London in April 1744, when he says, "the world of spirits, hell and heaven, were convincingly opened

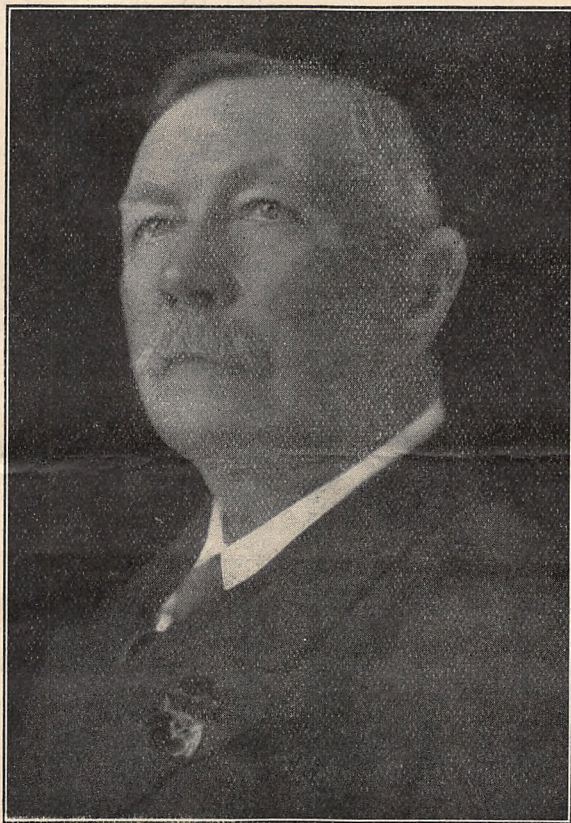
to me, where I found many persons of my acquaintance of all conditions." The story of Swedenborg's observing a fire at Stockholm and reporting its progress and arrest while he was at a dinner-party 300 miles away is here told. This event was investigated at the time by the German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, who found it true, was "somewhat staggered" by it, and wrote a book about it, "Dreams of a Spirit-Seer," but he failed to be "a hero in the strife," for great thinker as he was, he eventually climbed down on the side of popular prejudice!

Another legitimate forerunner of modern Spiritualism was Edward Irving (a Scot of the same time, stock, and district as Thomas Carlyle), who was the centre of an outburst of the gifts of speaking in strange tongues and of prophesying. "In Gray's Inn Road, Irving rallied the faithful. It cannot be denied that the Church, as he organised it, with its angel, its elders, its deacons, its tongues, and its prophecies, was the best reconstruction of a primitive Christian Church that has ever been made." And strange to say, when Irving was driven forth from Presbyterianism, it was Robert Owen, the Socialist philanthropist and Free-thinker who gave him a spiritual habitation. Owen himself twenty years later became a

pioneer-convert to Spiritualism, and we may mention in passing that it was by an eloquent grand-daughter of his we first heard Spiritualism expounded, over forty years ago, in the Free-thinkers Hall in Edinburgh. The Free-thinkers were in the early days more sympathetic by far towards the new Movement than the Christian Church, and they left a notable trace of their influence in modifications of certain hymns in the Spiritualist hymn-book, which are to-day pointed to with bitter and unjust reproach by a few arrogant orthodox Christians as evidence that the Spiritualistic Movement generally is un-Christian! For, as Mr. J. Arthur Hill has truly said, "All Spiritualists venerate the person and teachings of Jesus, which are of more importance than the arguments of theologians concerning them"; and further, as we have said ourselves, "No book in Christian literature more needs expurgation and revising than the Church hymnal—even to bring it into line with modern theology."

Moreover, as the present historian aptly remarks, "If Peter or Paul reincarnated in London they would be bewildered, and possibly horrified, by St. Paul's or by Westminster Cathedral, but they would certainly have been in a perfectly familiar atmosphere in the gathering over which Irving presided"—in that Free-thinker's hall!

Sir Arthur next deals with the outbreak of spiritual phenomena among the Shaker communities in the United States, who whooped, talked Indian, danced Indian dances, and in all ways showed that they were really possessed by the Redskin spirits. "Why," he asks, "should these North American aborigines play so large a part, not only in the inception but in the continuance of this movement? There are few physical mediums in this country, as well as in America, who have not a Red Indian guide, whose photograph has not infrequently been obtained by psychic means, still retaining his scalp-locks and his robes. It is one of the many mysteries we have still to solve . . . One can but hazard the conjecture that they are children of Nature, who are nearer perhaps to the primitive secrets than other more complex races."



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the acknowledged prophet of the New Revelation, next comes under review. He was born on the banks of the Hudson in 1826, of an uneducated visionary mother and a drunken father. He was feeble in body and starved in mind, and up to his sixteenth year had only read one book apart from school primers. Yet "before he was twenty he had written one of the most profound and original books of philosophy ever produced." The late Mr. E. Wake Cook believed that Davis's teaching was the one modern influence which could recast the world. His "Harmonial Philosophy" has already passed through forty editions. He had most of the spiritual gifts and once described from experience the actual emergence of a soul from a body at death, in an account which has become classical. Further, before 1856 he had prophesied the coming of the motor-car, the typewriter, and the aeroplane. And the following is his prophecy of the coming of Spiritualism, published in the year before the Rochester knockings startled the world:—

"It is a truth that spirits commune with one another, while one is in the body and the other in the higher spheres—and this, too, when the person in the body is unconscious of the influx, and hence cannot be convinced of the fact; and this truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration. And the world will hail with delight the ushering in of that era when the interiors of men

* THE HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., LL.D., President d'Honneur de la Fédération Spirite Internationale, President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and President of the British College of Psychic Science. London: Cassell & Co. Two volumes. £2 2s. net.

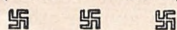
will be opened, and the spiritual communion will be established, such as is now being enjoyed by the inhabitants of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn."

"He was very humble-minded, and yet he was of the stuff that saints are made of." On the very day of the first Rochester knockings, he wrote in his notebook:—"About daylight this morning a warm breathing passed over my face, and I heard a voice, tender and strong, saying, 'Brother, the good work has begun; behold a living demonstration is born.'" One of his notable recorded sayings is, "Spirits have aided me many times, but they do not control either my person or my reason. They can and do perform kindly offices for those on earth. But benefits can only be secured on the condition that we allow them to become our teachers and not our masters—that we accept them as companions, not as gods to be worshipped." Sir Arthur gives four good reasons for believing that Davis's control was Emanuel Swedenborg himself.

Discussing "The Hydesville Episode" the author writes:—"It is said that the first message which actually came through the Transatlantic cable was a commonplace inquiry from the testing engineer. None the less, kings and presidents have used it since. So it is that the humble spirit of the murdered pedlar of Hydesville may have opened a gap into which the angels have thronged." The Fox family were Methodists and the household at this time were father, mother, and two daughters—Margaret aged 14, and Kate aged 11. They entered their historic cottage on December 11, 1847, and next year—about the middle of March—began the weird knockings, which had, however, been heard by previous tenants. These continued with increasing intensity until the beds in the house thrilled and shook, and the girls demanded that they should sleep in the same room as their parents. The knockings persisted during the darkness of the night, but ceased when daylight came. On March 31 they were so loud and continuous that Kate challenged the unseen power to repeat the snaps of her fingers, and her challenge was instantly accepted. Every snap was echoed by a knock. And thus spiritual telegraphy began. The force, whatever it was, appeared to have independent intelligence. Also, it could see as well as hear, for Kate made snaps without any sound and the response came all the same. The mother asked the unseen intelligence how many children she had had, and the knocks answered seven. She herself thought the true answer should have been six, until she recalled one who had died early. A neighbour, Mrs. Redfield, was called in, and her amusement at the knocks was changed to wonder and awe as correct answers were given to her intimate questions. Other neighbours crowded in, and an informal committee of investigation was formed. The mother and children were sent to spend the night at Mrs. Redfield's. But the phenomena went on exactly as before, which disposes of the theory that the knockings were produced by the girls cracking their toes and dislocating their joints, which that smart orator, Joseph McCabe, gives as the true explanation with as much confidence as if he had been present and saw it done! A neighbour named Duesler devised the alphabetic method of receiving messages, since generally adopted, and the spirit of a pedlar, who gave his name as Chas. B. Rosma, said he had been murdered in the house five years before for his money, and that his body was buried in the cellar, ten feet deep below its surface. Next night this statement was repeated to about 200 people. On April 2, the knocks began to come by day as well as by night. Within four days a careful statement of the facts was taken down in writing from Mr. and Mrs. Fox, who signed it. Digging was begun in the cellar until some human remains were discovered in quicklime. Fifty-six years later, a more careful search resulted in finding an almost entire human skeleton, also the pedlar's tin box, which is now preserved at the headquarters of the American Spiritualists.

The excitement caused by these events became widespread. Similar manifestations began to be common in other houses in the neighbourhood. Exorcisms were performed by clergymen, but the unseen presences took no other notice of these than to join with loud raps in the "amens." People received intelligent and comforting messages from their departed friends and relatives, and to the Fox Sisters was given the true prophecy that these communications would not be confined to them but would go all over the world. They both came to England and exhibited their powers to Professor William Crookes and others, who favourably reported on their genuineness.

(To be continued.)



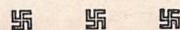
"In spite of the scorn and contumely poured upon those who bear testimony to the facts of spirit return, Modern Spiritualism spreads and grows because it is the only agency by which the seeker after knowledge of the future life can obtain the evidence for which his soul hungers and thirsts."—E. W. and M. H. Wallis.

THE BOY WHO CAME BACK.

"ELVIRA," writing in the *Spiritualist Community Leaflet*, says:—

The war was over and our family reunited. Longings for a holiday in our dear England came to us. We thought of familiar places with associations that were dear to us, but finally, my choice was taken apparently by the merest chance from an advertisement, and we departed to a little out-of-the-way place. Our landlady I liked at once; I felt strangely drawn to her dark eyes that smiled so kindly upon me. That night, as I lay in the strange bed, a sense of tears, of despair and oppression came upon me and I knew, as I might not have done in the past before this science of the soul had been revealed to me, that someone had lain but recently in my bed and suffered as only a tortured soul can. "God send you peace," I murmured, "who suffered here?" At that moment the spirit form of a boy in khaki bent down over me and looked closely into my face. "And who might you be?" I queried. "I am John," he replied. "Good-night, John, then," I said, and fell asleep.

The next day I met my landlady, and drew her aside. "Who slept in my bed last?" I asked. "Oh, I did," she replied. "Why?" Without giving a direct answer I went on, "Who is the boy in khaki called John who looked into my face before I slept?" "Oh, my God, my God!" she broke out, and began to tremble and then to cry and then to tremble again; "it's my boy, it's my boy." So I took her in my arms while she cried, but her excitement was greater than tears. "After all this time he has come back," she cried. Alas! poor mother, had he ever gone? But the violence of her grief and tears had broken contact on both sides. "Only the night before you came I prayed, 'Please God send him back to me if only once,' as I often have done all these lonely years." That evening he came to her through me; together we went back to his boyhood, to old houses; long-forgotten scenes were resurrected—how he naughtily cut the root of the creeper that climbed across the house; how she planted another that grew to throw its gold and green embrace across the withered branches of the old that still clung to tell the tale. Silly details to you, perhaps; but we use such circumstantial evidence in our courts every day, and on such trivial things hang life or death; and so, from regions beyond all death, comes to us, a material people, evidence from the grave. How cleverly it came, bit by bit, until the mother's heart, remembering again all those beloved incidents, became too full and the tide of tears overflowed again, but in happiness at this reunion. "It's him, it's my boy!" she cried. "But why couldn't he come to me?" "I never left you, Mother," he cried back, "your suffering held me to earth." How difficult it is to explain, how difficult to realise the simple truth that Nature's laws are still laws, though we know them not. What soul foresees death, how could that mother have known and prepared for it? But, as it was, the knowledge of God's remembrance was only delayed, for had she not prayed, "Oh, give me back my boy, if only once!"



HOW TO BE HEALTHY THOUGH CIVILISED.—In a lecture to the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, on June 3, Dr. B. P. Allinson said our present "civilisation," though it had brought some health conditions, was really the root of most of the diseases from which we suffer. Animals that had come under the baleful influence of our civilisation had also shown physical deterioration. The popular idea that most diseases were caused by factors external to ourselves was fallacious; they really arose from our own misbehaviour—physical, mental, and spiritual—because if one understood the laws of health it was possible to live a healthy life, despite our civilisation. Most disease or chronic bad health was caused by wrong diet—its quantity, kind, and preparation; therefore it could be cured by attention to these matters. The human body possessed the power to heal itself and it was this power, this *vis medicatrix naturae*, which was the most powerful factor in all treatment of disease. We could not know better than Nature, and should not interfere with her methods. Most of the complications and sequelae of an illness are due to unenlightened interference. An illness allowed to run its natural course, under proper care, was a process of purification. Of course, the mind was also an important factor in health and disease. During disease he strongly recommended fasting or strict enlightened dieting, and for retention of health he recommended a non-flesh diet, with most of the foods uncooked and a great reduction in the usual quantity consumed.

Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

BY WILL CARLOS.

THE SIVA WORSHIPPER.

CASEDYN continues:—I took a new path to the valley, and presently espied a village engirded with high fences, so high that nothing could be seen but the roofs of some habitations. A gate in the fence offered access, and slowly I swung it wide, feeling that here my work was needed.

The first abode I came to was of modest dimensions; it seemed a sort of guard-house, for it blocked the road, and it had a sturdy gate which I could not undo. I decided to summon the dwellers therein, and rapped at the gate with a good deal of energy. Quickly responding to my call appeared a remarkable dame, whose width was as two parts of her height, and her face as a fourth thereof. Her eyes were embedded in puffed, pouch-like features, pallid in colour. Her head was low at the crown, her ears outspreading, and her jaws protruding. Her hands were large, with nails like the claws of a bird of prey. Evincing no interest in me whatever, she calmly awaited my pleasure.

"Good dame," quoth I, "may I be allowed to pass through this gate, for I desire to enter the village beyond?"

She heard my request with composure, solemnly wagged her head, and disappearing, closed the house-door behind her! It was an unmistakable refusal, but I was determined to enter. Taking a more comprehensive view of the structure I found it built of solid tree-trunks, deeply embedded in the soil, and probably braced crosswise from within. There were no loopholes or other orifices in the front to let in the light. The eaves extended over the walls a good sword's length. I waited awhile, then ventured to use the psychic power given me, and passed through the gate as through a mist.

I found myself in a chamber with large solid stones deftly joined together for its floor. The wall at the rear was built of stone, and had an opening occupied by three pillars of white, with a large screen in front nearly the height of the pillars. What lay beyond I could not see, but I peered around the room and saw that on each side of the chamber was a sort of throne, carved out of granite, on which sat grim images unlike any I had ever seen before.

In the centre of the room a young woman sat on the floor, engaged apparently in supplicating the images in turn, swaying herself around to face each alternately, but always keeping her eyes upon the ground. The drone of her voice I could hear, but her language was unintelligible. I saw there was no love in her appeals, nor aspiration, but only a lifeless, automatic repetition of vain words.

I was invisible to her, and determined to call music to my aid. From chords expressing self-gratification I climbed up the gamut of love to see if her soul would prove responsive. At first she paused and looked around with signs of wonder in her face, but seeing no cause for the music concluded it must have issued from the images. She took it as a sign of their favour, and with some approach to fervour repeated her rote. Then dawned a perception of something remote, and love began to gleam in her eyes.

I ventured to speak, saying, "Sister, behold what a marvel is this, that love lifts thee out of thy bondage and sets thee within reach of pure bliss. Too long hast thou dozed in darkness; come out of thy winter's retreat, and bask in the sunshine abundant."

She heard me and wondered, and deemed it the voice of God. She prostrated herself on the hard floor, with gestures grotesque to me, but presumed to be propitiative by her. Again I directed my music upon the love now awakening, and sought to arouse her perception to a much higher standard. The charm worked; she arose from her posture, cleared off the scales from her eyes, and standing erect in the chamber fixed her earnest gaze upward as though to heaven.

Again I spoke, saying, "Tear the screen from the pillars and let in the light of day; then facing the light voice thy feelings, and with all thy new impulses pray."

She tore down the screen as directed, and the influx of light revealed in full the contour and beauty of the pillars. The grace of their form I deemed matchless, so slender were they, so pure and chaste in outline. I marvelled how the artistry which could express such exquisite taste could also have designed the hut of the woman with its crude, stark severity.

'Twas then I divined that a purpose, inscrutable, yet so benign,

Had set up this symbol of God-hood, in contrast with ruder design.

I thought of how Menwy the Aged had seen the three columns so bright

Descend from the heavens in the dawn-time, when God spake His mandate for Light;

Plenydd and Alawn and Gwron, to these as their names he applied,

Which meaneth Love, Wisdom and Power, the traits in the God-head described.

I now perceived the purpose of the builder, who set up those three columns in the same room as the grim images which had been the objects of worship. As soon as the minds of beholders were trained, or became sufficiently developed to apprehend the significance of the pillars, they would turn their backs for ever upon the hideous idols. They had been draped, as are all spiritual symbols, and the girl had never beheld them in their beauty. Now, however, her soul being awakened and the screen removed, she began to realise their grace and symmetry, as contrasted with the crude monstrosities on either side.

I continued playing, and an unexpected happening occurred—one that I had never witnessed before, and it was to me inexplicable at the time. A vaporous luminosity became apparent, and as it intensified it portrayed the lineaments of a young man of a score and ten years—virile, comely, radiant in health. Methought 'twas a visitant from a higher sphere, yet the fibre of its substance seemed coarser. The figure gazed with fixity of vision upon the girl, and she was impelled to turn to behold it. At first wonder, awe, incredulity, were successively expressed in her eyes and features, and then came recognition. She murmured, "Hast thou, O Chrishna, revealed thyself to thy servant?"—this with the hushed voice of awe. Then, "It cannot be thee, Abdul?"—this in incredulous accents. Then, "It is, it is; oh Abdul, why art thou come? Wilt thou bear me away from this dread place, where in captivity of soul I have lingered long in futile worship of an obdurate god?" The spirit flung out his arms as though to embrace her, and then vanished, having spoken no audible word.

At this moment there fell upon mine ears an incessant knocking from without the house, which I conjectured proceeded from some impetuous applicant for admission. I accordingly passed without and, lo, at the gate there stood a man exactly like him who had appeared in the spirit but a few moments before. I saw that he too had been refused admission. Becoming visible to him I approached him as though I were a wayfarer. When he saw me he asked, "Is there no way to get within this gate?"

I replied, "Art thou named Abdul?"

Looking very mystified he said, "My name thou hast correctly spoken, yet I cannot be known to thee."

"Nay, I know thee not; yet have I seen thee before,"

I said. "There is one within, however, who doth know thee; come."

I used my mystic power and conducted him into the chamber, where the girl was kneeling in adoration before the pillars, which had now become symbols of her new-found hopes. She sprang to her feet on hearing our footsteps and, heedless of my presence, flung herself into his arms.

A loud click arrested our attention, and looking in the direction of the sound we beheld the grim woman of the gate emerge from an opening in the chest of the idol. Her eyes were aflame and she seemed to tower above us in her wrath, like unto the Hela of Hades.

"What do ye here?" she cried, "who gave ye leave to enter this temple of which I am priestess? Would ye incur the vengeance of Siva?" Ere I could reply she stumbled and fell prostrate on the floor. The idol itself, as though wrenched by some huge shock, was rent in fragments. My Guide appeared, though only visible to myself, and he bade me lead the couple forth into the garden beyond, and then return. What transpired in the few moments I was absent hath never been revealed to me, but I found the woman alone, kneeling in front of the three pillars, with both idols shattered to atoms.

My Guide was no longer visible, yet I was aware of his presence, for I was empowered with a new gift—that of perceiving the thoughts of the woman before me. In her mind were slowly emerging pictures of her past life, when in her girlhood she roved through the virgin forests with her lover, upright as a young pine, and emerged upon the open spaces whereon was built the village of their kindred, who lived in peaceful seclusion, surrounded

by their herds of kine and flocks of sheep. Then came the exquisite memory of the sweet babe, the fruit of their union, that had been born to them one sunny morning. Then the poignant anguish she experienced when the child, after a few short years of promising growth, died of eating poisonous berries. Her mother's heart sighed for her boy—why was he taken? whither had he gone? was he obliterated? or did he still exist in the world of shadows?

As the sigh broke forth from her soul her senses were illumined by a light which penetrated through her density, and she envisioned the smiling face of her boy looking down upon her from above, and with it the face of him who was her husband. Love had now transfigured her form, she was no longer uncouth and inflexible; but gentle as she had been of old when her blushing face revealed her consciousness of coming motherhood.

The three pillars now were aglow with colour; the right one shone as a ruby rare, the left one as a flawless sapphire, and the centre one emitted a golden light, which shone on the bowed head of the woman.

Then as in a mirage I beheld the causes of her plight. 'Twas after she had buried her loved ones that marauders came and took possession of the land. She, with the larger number of the women, had been enslaved by their captors. She had been subjected to foul treatment:

Where love is for ever derided, and sympathy treated with scorn,

Where purpose is constantly thwarted, and impulses choked as they're born,

Where lust in its form most abhorrent is forced on a nature refined,

And riot is made supreme ruler, there cannot be freedom of mind.

Immured in such horrid conditions, and lashed into subjection vile,

Her soul shrank as snails in their shells coil, all feeling being banished the while.

Then, trying to cajole her captors, she joined in their orgies and feasts;

Drank wine to induce stupefaction, thus sinking to level of beasts,

And after long years of this thralldom she, under intoxicants, passed

Away from the earth and its errors, to find that its chains held her fast.

I afterwards learned that this woman had connived when on earth at the slaughter of some people of another caste, Abdul and Nada being among the victims. When she herself died she found herself in the world of shadows with some former associates who had predeceased her. This band of malicious spirits now found her a useful tool, and set her to find Nada and bring her to their stronghold so as to prevent Abdul, against whom they bore enmity, from being united to the girl. She found Nada sequestered among people who knew her not, and under the guise of friendship lured her away, and kept her a prisoner in the room, compelling her who had been nurtured in a different faith to repeat the invocations customary in strange temples. Abdul, however, on the alert to secure news of his betrothed, was impressed to visit her prison house.

My Guide, merciful and considerate ever, waited until the now repentant woman fully realised her lost happiness, and evinced a sincere desire to rejoin her loved ones. Then he appeared to me, and said, "Casedyn, I will now take charge of these three souls. Abdul and Nada shall be joined forthwith, and set among their own people, and this one I will myself see to until she is fit to join those whom she mourns as lost. Go thou on a new emprise, whilst I devise some means to disperse this band of evil-doers. Thou shalt have a part in the final drama I promise thee."

(To be continued.)

Emancipation.

By "HEATHER B.," Author of "Healing Thoughts."

EMANCIPATION! Is not this what every spirit incarnate is crying out for? The spirit of man finds itself confined and limited by the body, and habitually dominated by the physical senses and the subtler human emotions. Man is apt to idly acquiesce in this slavery to human weaknesses. Each generation strengthens the fetters and rivets them anew. The spirit within is held captive by the thoughts of the outer man, by his placid compliance to custom and traditional prejudices, by his unquestioning adherence to the opinions and thought and convention of his age and time. These habits forge the chains which bind him, imprison and prevent him from manifesting that truer self within.

How blind we are to the shams and illusions of the world around us, and what foolish imitators! We are schooled from our earliest years to conform to the thought and life imposed on us by usage. We dwell in a fog of ignorance and are blinded by the mists of mortality. We remain unconscious of realities, of our unlimited possibilities, and of those fields of liberty where our real self might roam free and unfettered. We repress individuality to follow each other, like sheep along a well-worn track. And whither does this much-frequented path lead us? Toward what are we journeying? These are the first questions that arise when the consciousness of spiritual and mental slavery dawns on the waking mind. Thenceforward comes a travail of the soul. There is so much to contend with if we would leave the beaten track. Fearlessness is called for. When we are convinced of a truth, let us have the courage of our conviction, even if we do have to travel on a lonely road and the world jeers at us. We are considering how we can be free, and lords of ourselves. Sitting on the fence is a proof that we are not yet free, and is far from a lordly position!

The conditions among which we dwell act upon us unceasingly; we are affected by the spirit of the age, country, and class, to which we belong, and by the dimension we move in. We are also subject to the planetary influences under which we were born, and are in touch with forces we do not understand, and these unknown forces are continually playing upon us. It behoves us as intelligent and responsible beings to acquire the wisdom to adjust ourselves to these influential forces, and to make good and profitable use of them. The question then is, Shall we exert ourselves and ascertain whither these forces tend to lead us, and seek for that

unfailing light which is ever shining, in spite of our self-made prison walls? Or shall we inertly submit to be ruled by the unknown, and like the chameleon take our colour from our surroundings, remain automatons and be subdued by our environment, following each other sheep-like along the easy well-worn road—and to what?

The very question seems to loosen a prison bar and uncloset a shutter that has been keeping out the light. It lets in a ray of truth, stimulating the mind and awakening the consciousness to a broader, richer life; opening up a new vista of realities, a hitherto undreamed-of scope for individual activities and development.

Oliver Lodge, not long ago, when speaking before a group of ecclesiastics on "Unsound Creeds," said—"We are learning in science, especially of late years, to discriminate closely between what we have put into the universe by our mental interpretations and what is really there—to draw a distinction between the relative and the absolute, the real and the conventional." The labours of science are thus proving to the mortal mind of man what previously was perceived only by those spiritually illuminated.

The chains of a lifelong and perhaps inherited habit of thinking may seem to have been forced upon us by fate. It is man's high privilege, however, to assume control of his own life, to choose his own line of thought, to overcome fate or circumstance or conditions, and thus fulfil his destiny. He is only bound to the wheel of fate until he wills to be free, he is only forced to walk blindfold until he chooses to take the bandage from his eyes and to step out on to the open road to freedom.

With this initial step he starts the building of himself—his own character, the garment which will suitably clothe his spirit when he leaves this body of flesh to continue his life in an added dimension in space. He will be helped or hampered by the character he has built or failed to build while on this earth; for it is here in the flesh body that we begin the formation of our finer etheric body, and according to its colour and radiation we shall find ourselves in the place for which we have fitted ourselves. It will be either the joyful arriving home of one whose work has been accomplished, through the overcoming of the trials and difficulties of the earth-plane, or finding the same work still to be accomplished, a far more difficult task in that world of greater sensitiveness than here in the realm of matter.

We who believe in endless life know that it is not knowledge but ignorance which prompts man to judge his fellows, and allows prejudice to rule his ideas. Peace and happiness are to be found not in ignorance and indifference, not by keeping the eyes closed and following with folded hands the easy road of least resistance, but by raising the mind on to a higher plane, awakening the

divine consciousness slumbering within us, and so loosening our self-made fetters and gaining a more extensive view, a wider understanding, and a greater wisdom.

Drifting is not living; it brings no satisfying joy. The aspiring to a high ideal broadens the horizon, and gives birth to energy and buoyancy to life, transforming the things hitherto considered trivial and uninteresting into things worth while, because they can be used to test our capacity in self-discipline.

When with growing wisdom we realise that the Great Designer of the tapestry of life is our Father, a note is struck to which the highest and deepest chords in our being respond. The immortal, the divine, the God in us arises and claims its sovereignty, its ability to dominate the mortal self.

“They That Walk in Darkness . . .”

By GEORGE W. STRONACH.

AS a Scottish Spiritualist, whose privilege it has been to take part in spirit rescue-work, I venture to add my humble testimony to its usefulness and undoubted efficacy. The need of consecrated circles, devoted to this high purpose, is only fully realised by those who have attended such gatherings, and so come into direct contact with the “penal spheres” and their unhappy inhabitants.

Rescue-Guides, familiar by reason of their special duties with these lower planes, tell us frankly and fearlessly of the distressing conditions which prevail there, earnestly imploring our loyal co-operation with them in a great work of pity and redemption. We learn that, since the “unfortunates” in these sunless regions are still closely in touch with, and influenced by, our material world, earnest prayer addressed on their behalf to the Source of All Power is an incredibly potent force, capable of rousing the needy ones from utter hopelessness, and setting their wayward feet on the shining pathway leading upwards to the spirit planes. When this primary stage has been attained, the rescue-bands take the pilgrims under their protection, guiding and encouraging them, till the Borderland is safely crossed, and they emerge from darkness into light.

My space does not permit me to deal at length with this important subject but, to all interested, and surely every sincere Spiritualist comes under that heading, I would recommend the study of two remarkable books, “Paul and Albert” (Rev. G. Vale Owen) and “Gone West” (J. S. M. Ward), both of which contain valuable information on the “grey planes.”

May I quote the following message, received at an amazing speed through automatic-writing from “Semorna,” the Rescue-Guide in charge of our little circle—a message which may be accepted as reliable in every detail:—

“The grey planes, or punishment spheres, are very close to your world, and are reserved for those who have committed during their earth-lives grave offences against the divine law. They are desolate wastes of utter darkness, illumined by neither sun nor moon, over which the souls who are condemned to work out in loneliness and anguish of spirit move ceaselessly to and fro seeking some outlet by which they may escape God’s justice, but seeking in vain, since neither peace nor rest is possible until reparation has been made, in full, for weight of mortal sin. It is indeed a hell, my friends, not of flames and fiery torment, but of separation from God and man—a period of spiritual hopelessness without refuge or respite. The bitter memory of physical crime and lust is ever present with these sufferers, and the realisation of what such deeds have meant is the worst torture they undergo.

“The grey planes are, in addition to their being the penal settlements of the spirit-world, the abode of disincarnate and malignant entities of a fearsome type, who mock the distressed souls with the assurance of eternal damnation for their sins, adding immeasurably to the burden which these unfortunates already bear. Such evil influences cannot, of course, injure the souls of the earth-bound, which are God-created, but they can, and do, make their condition one of misery and distress. Many of these erring children are plunged in black despair, and quite incapable of any sustained effort to raise themselves up to better conditions. There are many soldiers in the grey planes who passed over during your Great War in an unprepared and undeveloped spiritual state, and while, by reason of their sacrifice for humanity, they are not condemned to the same penalties as others, they lie, even now, in a state of stupor or coma, until

This conscious nearness to the Universal Father arouses all that is best and noblest in us, and produces a loving fellowship not only with the Supreme Spirit but also with those guiding spirits on advanced planes, and with those on every plane who seek the emancipation of their fellows in the bonds of matter. This consciousness finds its expression in service, in a continual effort to free the imprisoned spirits of this earth, and to emancipate them from the slavery in which this world’s thought has bound them.

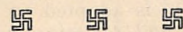
We then recognise that we are no longer obliged to follow the dictates of the material self, that our spirits can co-operate with and can hold communion with those that have gone before, that we can be the transmuters of our fate, and the architects of our future, that our bonds are illusory, that we are free!

wakened by the prayers of their brothers still on earth. If many who scoff at the teachings of Spiritualism could but appreciate this fact they would work hard to perfect their own spiritual condition before the hour of transition arrives.

“All nationalities and races are represented in the grey planes, and there exist no distinctions of church or creed among the inhabitants, who are there for one purpose, and one alone—atonement. When, and only when divine justice is satisfied does progress towards the higher worlds become possible, yet such progress can always be made, since God is Love and He dooms none to spiritual destruction who call upon Him for aid. In His mercy He permits the needy ones to seek mortal help and prayers, through which their bonds may more speedily be loosed, and He has appointed powerful bands of Guides who descend constantly to the realms of darkness, seeking out and assisting the distressed to reach the Summerland above. But such aid is only effective when the latter realise their condition and are anxious to advance. Prayers sent forth on their behalf produce this wished-for result, by rousing them from misery and despair, which is the most important reason for the establishment and growth of Rescue-Circles, both public and private, through which this urgently-needed aid may continually be given. “Unfortunates” who, during their earth-lives, were attached to the Anglican and Roman churches are afforded better opportunities of progressing than those of other denominations, due to the prayers and masses for the dead, which liberate energy capable of being used in the above respect.

“We Guides are anxious that all may enjoy this privilege through intercessory prayer, and would have our friends and colleagues on earth know that if they will form Rescue-Circles wherever possible, individual Guides will be appointed to act as “door-keepers,” bringing the distressed to seek their sympathy and help. It is a great and noble work this rescuing of the wretched and forsaken, and no living person can ignore his or her responsibility to God for failing to take a share in it. ‘For as much as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me.’ His blessing shall crown your labours at the last.

“I have told you something about the grey planes to-night, my friends, and shall speak with you again, ere long, on this same subject. Continue your work of regeneration, and may the consciousness of the Christ-force which breathes through and permeates all matter be with, and abide with, you to all Eternity.—Amen. Peace, Peace, Peace!”



“KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.”

AT a private seance, held in Melbourne, Australia, on April 5, the medium was controlled by a spirit, who gave his name, “Kitchener of Khartoum,” and gave the following message to the children of the earth-plane:—

“Pray for peace and harmony among all nations, for a greater war, and more disastrous than the “Great War,” hangs over the world. It could be avoided if only the peoples used the power given them, to send out their prayers and thoughts for peace into the universe, and to think peace continually.”

He went on to say he has recruited a large army on the other side of the veil, but it was an army for peace and goodwill toward all men.

Before the medium was controlled, a sword unsheathed was clairvoyantly seen in the circle. It was being held by a soldier, in full uniform, which changed to a white robe. “Lord Kitchener” also stood fully out to be seen.

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

FROM THE DEAD. By Recorder. London: Fowler's. Price 1/- net.

This is a work of about fifty pages by an anonymous investigator into Spiritualism, who says:—"In his humble opinion Spiritualism can never be a religion in itself. But it can be and has been for him a vestibule, lighted with many beautiful lights, through which the soul passes on its way to higher things." This little work is marred by an ill-natured reference, quite uncalled-for, to the Rev. G. Vale Owen, by the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, M.A., who in his foreword refers to a disconnected sentence of Mr. Vale Owen's essay in Sir James Marchant's recent book thus:—"So may the very elect be seduced from the Truth." Nothing so bitterly unkind from a professedly Christian minister about a vastly more courageous apostle of the Truth than himself has found its way into print for many a long day.

THE PROGRESSION OF MARMADUKE. Second Series. Amanuensis Florence Dinsmore. London: Stead's Library. Price 3/6 net.

This is a work of over 200 pages written by an author in spirit-life through the hand of a medium on earth, and Mrs. Ch. de Crespigny says truly in her foreword that "it is essentially one of those communications from higher planes which should refute completely and for ever the parrot-cry of the inexperienced in Spiritualism, that nothing but trivialities come through to us." Ninety-eight topics of spiritual and Spiritualistic interest are discussed by Marmaduke from the point of view of his enlarged outlook since he joined the immortals, and yet without losing sight of the practical wisdom necessary in the conduct of earthly affairs. These two-page essays will make excellent daily readings for Spiritualists, and guide their thoughts through an ever-changing variety of topic, with the help of illumination from an altruistic brother now functioning in the higher life.

COUNSEL FROM THE HEAVENLY SPHERES. By "Heather B." London Spiritual Mission, 13 Pembroke Place, W.2. Price 1/- net.

This is a second edition of a work which was thus commended on its first appearance by the Rev. Arthur Chambers, the Spiritualist Vicar of Brockenhurst:—"It is pre-eminently interesting; and the high and devout tone of what is so well expressed therein justifies, in my opinion, the belief that the mind of the author, in writing the book, has received the mental impulses which can, and do, come to us from those who are working from the Spheres of Spirit-life." The twenty-four essays or meditations are really ministrations to struggling souls on earth by guardian angels who have gone before and know the way. Their teaching reaches us through a highly responsive and sympathetic amanuensis, whose lofty inspiration is so well-known to our readers through her "Healing Thoughts" and frequent articles in this *Gazette*. We congratulate the publishers on producing so elegant an addition at the modest price of one shilling.

THE June number of *Gazette* having gone quickly out of print, we shall be grateful to agents having any unsold copies if they will kindly return them. We shall give credit in full for same, including the cost of postage.

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE" is the title of an especially attractive article by Mr. David Gow, the accomplished Editor of *Light*. It is about a Fleet Street ghost and its message, and appears in *Light* for June 19.

M. PASCAL FORTHUNY, 8 Rue Copernic, Paris, reminds International Spiritualists that there has existed since September 1925 an official Spiritualists' hymn approved by the last International Congress. It is loftily conceived, and easily sung. It is adapted to five languages, and Spiritualist groups and societies should procure it and put it in their programmes. It is already being sung in many European centres, as well as in North and South America, Australia, and Africa.

OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A *Yorkshire Subscriber*: "Your *Gazette* is just it; bright, breezy, and brotherly. To us at No. 8 it has become a necessity."

Two *Australian Spiritualists*: "We wish your *Psychic Gazette* every success. We are constant readers and always thoroughly enjoy it."

A *Scottish Spiritualist*: "It may interest you to know that the *Psychic Gazette* was the first periodical of its kind I ever read, and for that reason alone it holds a foremost place in my affections. Since then I have brought it to the notice of several friends, and they are, I can truthfully say, equally enthusiastic."

A COLLECTION OF PICTURES has just been opened at the Lefevre Galleries in St. James', London, which appeal to Spiritualists. They are the work of Odilon Redon, a mystic painter known as "The French Blake," and claim to have been inspired by spirit-artists.

"It seems to me now that the evidence for communication with the spirits of identified deceased persons through the trance utterances and writings of sensitives apparently controlled by those spirits, is established beyond serious attack."—F. W. H. Myers, in "*Human Personality*."

"THE CHRONICLES OF CLEOPHAS."—An action is pending in the Chancery Division of the High Court, which will settle the ownership of this automatic script. The plaintiff is Miss Cummins, the daughter of a Cork doctor, and the defendants are Mr. F. Bligh Bond, Messrs. H. R. Grubb, Ltd., printers, and the Society of Communism. The case was mentioned before Mr. Justice Eve on June 15, and his Lordship decided it should be heard immediately after one fixed for June 28. The Judge said:—"I asked our chaplain the other day who Cleophas was, and most learned man though he is he did not know."

A VALIANT WORKER.—We regret to announce the passing over on May 27 last of Mr. Howard Greenall, the editor of the *Astrological Review* and the founder of the British College of Astrology. He took an intense interest in the reform of the Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts, his delicate wife having been one of its innocent victims, and he maintained an incessant correspondence with eminent men on the iniquity of police proceedings against respectable mediums and practitioners of the psychic arts. In a letter, Mrs. Greenall tells us, "he died broken-hearted, knowing he had not completed his work, though he tried very hard."

THEOSOPHISTS AND THE "NEW MESSIAH."—At the annual convention of the Theosophical Society in England held in the Queen's Hall on June 12, Mr. W. Loftus Hare moved that "in view of the public declarations made by the President (Mrs. Besant) as to the coming of a world teacher in the vehicle of Mr. Krishnamurti, this convention respectfully submits that the specific propaganda of a world teacher does not come within the scope of the Society's objects and declines to give its support to the president's efforts to force upon the Society a new world religion and a new alleged world teacher." The resolution further requested Mrs. Besant to make clear in her proposed public lectures the fact that she was not speaking in the name and with the approval of the Theosophical Society in England. An amendment was proposed by Mr. Bristowe welcoming truth from any quarter, and on a vote being taken the audience accepted it, only three persons voting against it, Mr. Hare's substantive resolution not being submitted to the meeting.

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July 18th.	11 a.m.	Miss Charlotte Woods.	6.30 p.m.	Major Colley.
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